

FEATURING
DICK COLE * EDISON BELL

December

BLUE BOLT

10c

BLUE BOLT



VOL. 4, NO. 5

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



YE EDITORS' PAGE

Hi Gang,

Here's your second taste of I FLY FOR VENGEANCE. If you have not already done so, will you pick up your pen and give us the inside dope on how you like this true war story.

Our comic cowboys turned sailor; namely, slim Jasper and fat Krisco, are taking it on the chin from you. Well, you are the doctors so if you want KRISCO and JASPER to scram from BLUE BOLT, let us know, but you might also suggest some other story you would like to see in their place.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS.

Dear Editors:

BLUE BOLT is one comic I always have on hand and never miss buying. All the characters are super duper except "Krisco and Jasper." "Fearless Fellers" is 20 times better than "Superhorse," so keep up the good work. But my greatest wish is this: I am sure you heard of a Man Shortage, but in BLUE BOLT one would think there was a girl shortage. I think Dick Cole would be so much more interesting if he met two girls and knew the girls could help him out of jams he gets into. "Blue Bolt," too, would be better if he had a girl friend. The only excuse you could have would be that you can't draw a girl. Mark my word, if you would put two girls in "Dick Cole" and one girl for "Blue Bolt" it would be much more interesting.

I now have \$16.50 in war stamps and I am not going to stop buying them, for I as well as all Americans want to get this war over with. So, keep 'em flying.

A steady reader,
Dorothy Pellegrin,
Baltimore, Maryland

We'll set what we can do for more
resources, Dorothy, and you keep doing
your best by buying war stamps.

Dear Editors:

It sure is a grand idea to have an editor's page and to let a person say what he thinks about your magazine. I haven't missed a copy of BLUE BOLT since it has been out. Although I thought "Superhorse" was very good, I like "Fearless Fellers" better, but my favorite is and always will be "Dick Cole," with "Edison Bell" as a close second. "Sergeant Spook" is

also a favorite, but couldn't you get a better story to take the place of "Krisco and Jasper"? I think they are too absurd. As for super-fantastic stuff, Boo! I am not allowed to read those kind, but my parents gladly give their consent to BLUE BOLT, as they always read those themselves.

Hoping everyone buys war stamps and bonds, I remain,

Glen Baublitz,
Dover, Pennsylvania

Poor "Krisco and Jasper," looks like no one loves them anymore. How about it, readers, must they go?

Dear Sirs:

I read BLUE BOLT COMICS regularly, and I would like to tell you how I earn my money for war bonds. After school I work in my aum's candy store and I earn \$4.00 a week. Then, Friday I wash my mother's floors, and she gives me \$5.00, and at night I deliver papers and earn \$5.00 that way. Every three weeks I get a bond.

My best story is "Dick Cole."

Much obliged,
Richard Slutsky,
Bronx, New York

Congratulations, Richard, on doing
YOUR BEST for Victory.

Dear Editors:

I am writing to tell you what I am doing to help the war effort and what I think of BLUE BOLT Comics.

First, I am president of our Scrap Club. Second, I am delivering posters for the O.C.D. Third, I am buying war stamps and bonds. And my boy friend and I have a large Victory Garden.

And now for BLUE BOLT Comics. I think you would have a better book if you would take a page from "Dick Cole" and add one to "Old Cap Hawkins' True Tales," and if you took another page from "Sergeant Spook" and added it on to "Fearless Fellers." My favorites are "Old Cap Hawkins' Tales" and "Fearless Fellers."

Sincerely yours,
Robert Nelson,
Chicago, Illinois

We think you deserve an "E" for efficiency, Robert.

Dear Editors:

I am writing you for two reasons. First—How I buy Defense Stamps. I receive an allowance of two dollars a month. I also receive an extra dollar a month for mowing the lawn. With this money I buy Defense Stamps. I have five \$25 bonds, and I'm working on my sixth.

Second—Saving paper for the war. I think you should combine BLUE BOLT and TARGET COMICS into one big fifteen-cent book. It should come out every other month. I think you should take out "Krisco and Jasper" from BLUE BOLT and "Dan'l Flannel" out of TARGET. Last year BLUE BOLT was in sixth place on my best list, and now it's first with TARGET COMICS in second place.

Yours truly,
Lawrence Fiber,
Huntington Sta., N. Y.

Nice going on the War Bonds, Lawrence. Sorry, but two comics in one couldn't be produced for 15¢.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 292 MADISON AVE., N. Y., 17, N. Y.

DICK COLE



1994-1995

IT IS THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY SEASON AND ALL THE FARR MILITARY ACADEMY STUDENTS ARE AT THEIR VARIOUS HOMES FOR THE TWO WEEKS VACATION. MAJOR FARR, APPRECIATING THE FACT THAT DICK AND SIMBA ARE NOT AS FORTUNATE AS THEIR SCHOOLMATES, HAS INVITED THEM TO SPEND THE RECESS WITH HIM AT HIS SISTER'S APARTMENT IN THE CITY. THE MAJOR AND THE BOYS ARE JUST ARRIVING —

MERRY CHRISTMAS, SIS?
SORRY THE TRAIN WAS LATE
PHYLLIS, - OUR GUESTS, DICK COLE

S GREETINGS, JOHN!
MR. KARNO - IT IS A
PLEASURE TO HAVE YOU WITH
US, PUT THEIR BAGS IN
THE SPARE ROOM - AND YOU
BOYS JUST MAKE YOUR-
SELVES AT HOME.

HOW DO YOU
DO, MISS FARR?

SIMBA KARNO

HAT: GO- ING OUT!

AT THE
RISK OF
BEING
RUDE—

I MUST EXCUSE MYSELF AS I
MUST BUY THAT BROOCH FOR
ELA'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
AND THEN I JUST MUST LOOK
IN AT THE BAZAAR.
SO IF YOU WILL—
BUT, MAYBE THE
BOYS WOULD LIKE
TO COME ALONG
LAST MINUTE
SHOPPING?

THE BOYS
ACCEPT THE
INVITATION
AND A HALF
HOUR LATER-

HERE'S THE
STORE. WE'LL
NOT BE LONG





MISS FARR BUYS AN EXPENSIVE BROOCH, PUTS IT IN HER BAG AND, AS SHE TURNS AWAY TO JOIN DICK AND SIMBA —



HELP! THIEF!



DICK AND SIMBA SPRING INTO ACTION AND "SANTA CLAUS" ALSO LEAPS FROM HIS STAND IN AN EFFORT TO INTERCEPT THE THIEF, BUT —



TRYING TO HELP, HE CRASHES INTO THE BOYS AND THE THIEF ESCAPES.



YOU'RE A BIG HELP! I ALMOST HAD HIM!

YEAH!

I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP. SORRY I WAS SO AWKWARD.



GEE, MISS FARR, WE SURE FLUMBLED THAT ONE

YEAH-

OH, BOYS, I DO FEEL BADLY ABOUT LOSING THE BROOCH - BUT DON'T WORRY, PLEASE. I'LL REPORT TO THE MANAGER, THEN WE WILL GO ON TO THE BAZAAR.

AFTER A SHORT BUS RIDE ACROSS TOWN -

BOOTH 9

FORTY CENTS PLEASE

OUR CHURCH HAS THIS BAZAAR EVERY YEAR JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS. WE USE THE PROCEEDS TO BUY CHRISTMAS BASKETS FOR THE POOR.



LOOK, SIMBA! ISN'T THAT THE PICK-POCKET? HE HAS SOMETHING HIDDEN UNDER HIS COAT! I'LL BET IT'S MISS FARR'S BAG!

SURE!

HUH? SURE IT IS! AND HE'S SNITCHIN' IN A PACKAGE FROM THAT TABLE! LET'S GRAB HIM!



EASY DOES IT, PAL. ALL SET? O-KAY! ONE! TWO! -



THREE! YER OUT! WISE GUYS! FOOEY!



HE HAS GOT HER BAG. SIMBA! I SAW IT WHEN HE KICKED THE TABLE!

YEAH! IT'S UNDER HIS RIGHT ARM!

ONE SIDE OR A LEG OFF!

SA-A-A-Y! WHAT THA-

THEIR QUARRY RAN OUT THE BACK WAY AND AROUND A CORNER -







TIE UP THAT BIG APE SIMBA, BRING HIM TO AND THEN TAKE HIM TO THE FARR APARTMENT. I'M AFTER OUR SLICK BOY FRIEND - I'LL LAND HIM THIS TIME - OR ELSE!



DICK CORNERS HIS QUARRY—
BUT AS HE CLOSES IN ON HIM—

GOTCHA!
NO SLIP-
UP THIS
TIME, COOKIE!

THE THIEF FLINGS MISS FARR'S
BAG IN DICK'S FACE JUST AS
HIS FEET SKID ON SOME ICE—

POW!

SLIPPED AGAIN—
AND HOW! THAT
GUY'S GETTIN' MY
GOAT! I MUST BE
SLIPPING? ANY-
HOW I'VE GOT MISS
FARR'S BROOCH 'N
BAG. WELL, I'LL GO
BACK AND RETURN
THEM TO HER.

AS DICK, VERY DIS-
GRUNTLED, MAKES
HIS WAY TO THE
STREET, SLIP'RY,
NOT KNOWING HE
IS NO LONGER PUR-
SUED, DESPERATE-
LY LOOKS AROUND
FOR SOME PLACE
TO HIDE

AH, AN OPEN
WINDOW!

TOO BAD ABOUT
THE BROOCH, PHYL-
LIS. BUT VERY POS-
SIBLY THE BOYS'LL
GET IT FOR YOU
MIND CLOSING
THE ALCOVE
WINDOW?

OH, I HOPE THEY
DO! IT COST A
LOT, AND I
FEEL TER-
RIBLY ABOUT
IT, JOHN.

EEEK!

AWK!
G-R-R!

HE MAKES A START-
LED BOLT FOR FREE-DOM

HERE!
WHATS—

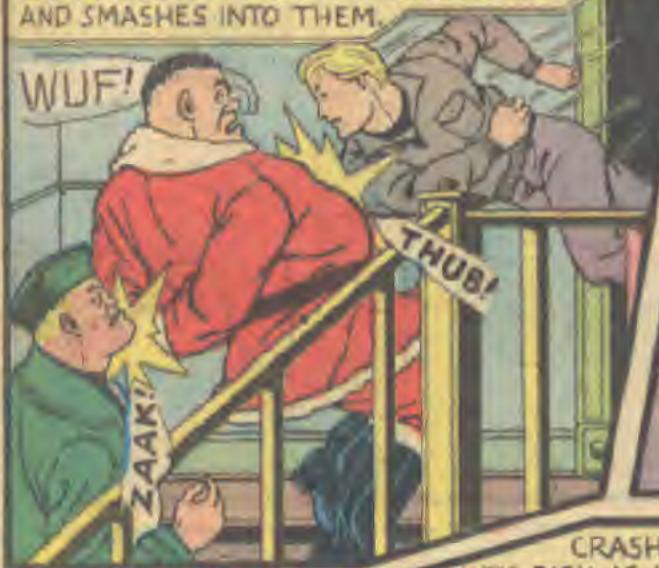
SMACK!

OH!

JUST AT THIS MOMENT, SIMBA MARCH-
ES HIS PRISONER UP
THE STAIRS TO THE
FARR APARTMENT

KEEP MOVIN' OR
I'LL SHOOT,
PUNK!

AND THEY REACH THE FARR LANDING JUST AS SLIPRY DASHES FROM THE APARTMENT AND SMASHES INTO THEM.



AND SEVERAL FLIGHTS BELOW, DICK ENTERS THE BUILDING.

HOLY CATS!
SOMETHING
IS SURE COOKIN'
ON THE FRONT
BURNER!

CRASH!
SMAK-BANG!
KER-WHAM!
THUD!



SLIPRY HURDLES THE PROSTRATE SIMBA AND 'SANTA CLAUS' AND—

CRASHES INTO DICK AS HE COMES HEADLONG UP THE STAIRS.



THE IMPACT CARRIES THEM, LOCKED TOGETHER, THROUGH A LANDING WINDOW—



DICK TWISTS AND MAKES A DESPERATE GRAB FOR THE SILL—AND HANGS ON! UP STAIRS A TENANT—



MURDER!
HELP!!
FIRE!!!
POLICE!



BACK ON THE STAIRS,
SIMBA IS KNOCKED
COLD, BUT 'SANTA'
STEPS OVER HIM AND
SNEAKS DOWN
THE STEPS
TO—



THE NEXT LANDING WHERE I HE SPIES DICK AND SLIP'RY.

AHA! JUST WHERE I WANT YOUSE' IF I COULD ONLY GET ME HANDS FREE! AH! I GOT AN IDEER!



SA-A-Y, WOT'S-- CRIPES! IT'S SANTY CLAUS! HEY, WHO YOU KICK-IN' ANY-- OH, NO, YOU-



NICE GOIN'S ON! HEAVE HO! UP YE COME ME BYE!



WELL, WELL! IF IT AINT ME AULD FREN' SNITCHER! AND PLAYIN' SANTY CLAUS. TSK, TSK! AND--SLIP'RY!! THIS IS SOMETHIN' FOR THE BOOK! AND WHO ARE YOU? DICK COLE? SURE, AND I'VE HEARD OF YE YOU'VE DONE FOINE



OFFICER! WILL YOU BRING THEM UP TO THE APARTMENT?



NOW, DICK, PHYLLIS TOLD ME HOW YOU BOYS CHASED THE THIEF FROM THE BAZAAR. THEN WHAT?

WELL, SIR—

DICK, AFTER RETURNING THE BROOCH TO MISS FARR, RELATED ALL THAT HAPPENED. MISS FARR EXPLAINS HOW SHE FOUND SLIP'RY IN THE ALCOVE. THEN—

MEANWHILE ON THE STAIRS—



WELL, FOLKS, IT'S MY TURN. MR "SANTA CLAUS" IS SNITCHER, A CROOK WHO HAS A LONG RECORD AND WHO'S BIN TEACHIN' PETTY THIEVIN' TO YOUNG PUNKS. AND THE SMARTEST PUNK IS THIS ONE HERE. WE CALL HIM SLIP'RY BECAUSE NOBODY COULD LAY A HAND ON HIM, UNTIL DICK COLE TURNED THE TRICK! FIRST TIME HE'S BIN NABBED—SO THIS'LL BE HIS FIRST OFFENCE! WHAT A LAUGH!

"SANTA" BREAKS FOR THE DOOR...

GANGWAY, YOU FLATFOOT!

AND RUNS SMACK INTO SIMBA, ENTERING THE APARTMENT.

WHAT! YOU AGAIN?!

POW!

YOU'LL APPEAR IN THE MORNIN' TO PREFER THE CHARGES, MAJOR? GOOD NIGHT, SOR.

JOHN, PLEASE DON'T PREFER CHARGES AGAINST SLIP'RY. I SENSE THERE IS MORE GOOD THAN EVIL IN THE BOY. THIS WILL BE HIS FIRST OFFENCE, AND BE-SIDES, JOHN, I HAVE MY BROOCH BACK.

WHAT? RIDICULOUS! WHY HE'S A HARDENED YOUNG CROOK! BEHIND BARS IS THE PLACE FOR HIM! I CERTAINLY PREFER CHARGES TOMORROW!

MAJOR FARR, I'D LIKE TO SAY SOMETHING. WHY CAN'T YOU ENROLL SLIP'RY IN FARR AND MAKE A REAL BOY OUT OF HIM? REMEMBER WHAT YOU AND FARR DID FOR ME! SLIP'RY WILL MAKE GOOD. SIR. DICK AND I WILL SEE TO THAT.

HURMPH! AHEM! WEL-L-L-
YES, SIMBA, I REMEMBER
AND-WELL, I GUESS IT'S
WORTH A TRIAL. I'LL CON-
SULT THE JUDGE IN THE
MORNING AND WE'LL SEE
WHAT CAN BE ARRANGED.



THE NEXT MORNING.



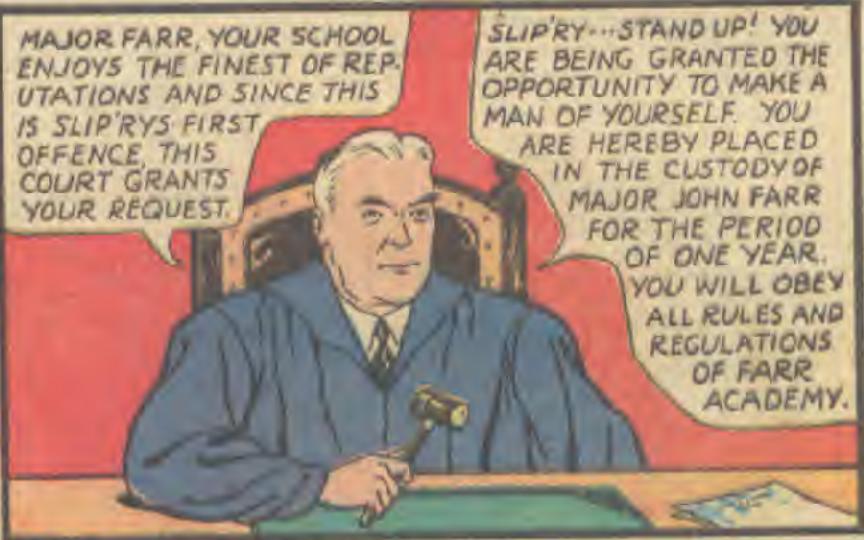
- AND SO, MAJOR
FARR, YOU...?

I WISH TO ASK THE COURT
TO GRANT ME CUSTODY OF
THE BOY KNOWN AS - ER-
SLIP'RY, FOR THE PERIOD
OF ONE YEAR -

YOUR HONOR. AT FARR
ACADEMY, WE DO NOT
MAKE A PRACTICE OF
REFORMING BOYS.
BUT I FEEL THIS IS AN
EXCEPTIONAL CASE AND
I'LL ASSUME FULL RES-
PONSIBILITY. WE WILL
MAKE A GOOD CITIZEN
OF HIM.



MAJOR FARR, YOUR SCHOOL
ENJOYS THE FINEST OF REP-
UTATIONS AND SINCE THIS
IS SLIP'RYS FIRST
OFFENCE, THIS
COURT GRANTS
YOUR REQUEST.



SLIP'RY... STAND UP! YOU
ARE BEING GRANTED THE
OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE A
MAN OF YOURSELF. YOU
ARE HEREBY PLACED
IN THE CUSTODY OF
MAJOR JOHN FARR
FOR THE PERIOD
OF ONE YEAR.
YOU WILL OBEY
ALL RULES AND
REGULATIONS
OF FARR
ACADEMY.

DON'T EXPECT THANKS,
JUDGE, FOR PUTTIN'
ME IN 'WITH A BUNCH
O' SISSIES DRESSED
IN TIN SOLDIER OUT-
FITS. BUT THEN OLE'
SNITCHER AINT BEEN
SPLITIN' FAIR AND I
AINT BEEN EATIN' SO
GOOD - SO, OKAY, I'LL TRY
IT.



BACK AT THE FARR APARTMENT.

OH, JOHN, I KNOW
YOU WILL NOT
REGRET THIS.
WHAT A GRAND
CHRISTMAS FOR
US ALL!

I HOPE NOT,
PHYLLIS.

AND NOW, DICK, IT'S UP TO
YOU AND SIMBA TO TAKE
SLIP'RY UNDER YOUR
GUIDANCE AND TEACH HIM
THE FARR CODE!

SO WOT!



NEXT MONTH YOU WILL LEARN WHAT HAPPENS TO SLIP'RY AT
FARR. MEANWHILE, THE MORE WAR STAMPS YOU BUY THE
SOONER IT WILL BE MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR ALL!

I FLY FOR Vengeance

PART 2

BASED UPON
THE FACTUAL STORY By
LT. COM. CLARENCE E. DICKINSON
IN COLLABORATION WITH
BOYDEN SPARKES

ROARING DOWN AT
DAWN ON THE MARSHALL
ISLANDS, ONE DAY LATE
IN JANUARY 1942, OUR
CARRIER-BASED BOMB-
ERS CATCH THE JAPS
ASLEEP AND SPEND A
FULL DAY RETURNING
THE DEC. 7TH PEARL
HARBOR PEARL
HARBOR PARTY CALL.

AMONG THE FLIERS
IS THE AUTHOR OF THIS
TRUE STORY, LT. COM.
CLARENCE E. DICKINSON,
WHO WELL REMEMBERS
PEARL HARBOR BECAUSE
HE WAS THERE—

NAVY CROSS



AIR MEDAL



AWARDED
TO LT. COM.
DICKINSON



HERE IS ANTICIPATION OF BATTLE IN THE AIR AS THE CARRIER PILOTS ARISE AT 3 A.M. -- THE JAP-HELD MARSHALL ISLANDS ARE NEAR-

IT'S OUR FIRST CHANCE TO RETURN THE CALL AT PEARL HARBOR, DICKINSON. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS, ED!

GUESS I'M NOT SO HUNGRY THIS MORNING--

FUNNY, NEITHER AM I.

NEXT, THEY TAKE THEIR PLACES IN THE READY ROOM -- TO GET LAST-MINUTE DATA -- THE PREPARATION HERE IS A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH IN THE AIR --



ONE OF THE FLIERS FEELS MUCH LIKE EATING -- THIS IS THE CLIMAX OF TENSE DAYS --

PILOTS! MAN YOUR PLANES!

IN THE DARKNESS THE CARRIER DRAWS CAUTIOUSLY CLOSER TO THE JAP AIRCRAFT BASE ON WOTJE ISLAND.

IT'S PLANES AWAY! AND THE GOAL OF SCOUTING SQUADRON 6 IS IN THE KWAJALEIN ATOLL, 175 MILES AWAY --

FINALLY, THEY HEAR THE ORDER THEY'VE BEEN WAITING FOR --

WE'RE TACKLING ROI ISLAND, DE LUCA, SCOUTS FIRST, BOMBERS IN RESERVE --

I'M READY, MR. DICKINSON, SIR --

THEIR SKIPPER RUNS INTO ENEMY FIRE AND PLUMMETS INTO THE SEA -- BUT HE HAS SHOWN THE WAY TO THOSE WHO FOLLOW --



FROM 15,000 FT. THE ATTACKERS START THEIR GLIDE, DROPPING DOWN ON THE SLEEPING JAPS AT SUNRISE --

AND HEEDLESS OF ANGRY ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE, THE REST OF THE SQUADRON ROARS DOWN OVER THE JAP BASE --



TWO 100-POUND BOMBS ARE DICKINSON'S EARLY MORNING GREETING FOR THE JAPS --



TWO STRIKES! AND I HIT THE JACKPOT -- LOOKS LIKE AN AMMUNITION DUMP.



DAWN COMES UPON A SCENE THAT IS PEARL HARBOR IN REVERSE --



BUT THERE IS MORE WORK TO DO, AND IT IS DANGEROUS TO LINGER AT LOV ALTITUDE --



JUST IN TIME FOR THE FUN, DE LUCA!

MY GUN IS JAMMED, MR. DICKINSON!



NO! IT'S OKAY! IT'S OKAY!



UT THE GREMLINS ARE WITH THEM! THE GUN WORKS AGAIN, SPITTING DARK RED LINES AT THE JAPS --

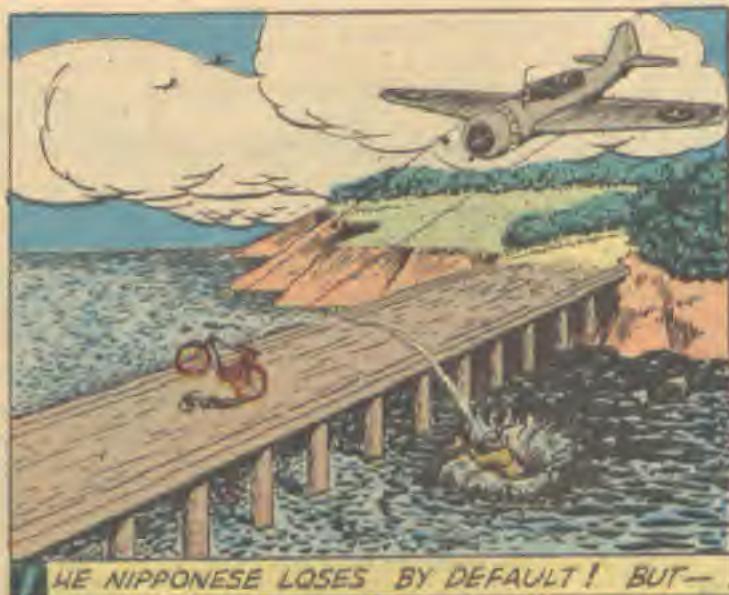
THE FASTER ENEMY PLANES TURN TAIL AND RUN --

WHUEW! I'M GLAD THE GUNS GOT GOING!

THOSE JAPS AREN'T PART OF ANY SUICIDE SQUADRON!



IT IS OUR TURN TO STRAFE NOW,
AND A JAP PILOT TRYING TO REACH
HIS PLANE IS A PERFECT TARGET-



SOME OF THE JAPS ARE MIGHTY
BUSINESSLIKE. TWO OF THEM—
CORNER ONE OF OUR BOMBERS—



**—BUT ONE OF HIS BUDDIES
COMES TO THE RESCUE—**



JUST THEN DICKINSON
HEARS A LONG-AWAITED REPORT—



**TRIO OF AMERICAN DIVE BOMBERS
ANSWERS THE CALL, RACING
SOUTH FOR KWAJALEIN—**

FORTY MILES AWAY THEY FIND IT— A HIDDEN
LAGOON WHERE, AT ANCHOR, ARE MORE THAN
A SCORE OF JAP CRUISERS, AUXILIARIES, SUBS
AND TENDERS—



DICKINSON RADIOS--



THE 500-POUND BOMB SCORES A BULL'S EYE!



THAT USED

TO BE THE

YAWATA MARU

A BIG

CRUISER

I GOT

TO FRISCO

AND

A SUB,

DUSTY!

I GOT

A BIG

CRUISER

I GOT

A SUB,

DUSTY!



IN THE MEANTIME, AMERICAN CRUISERS AND DESTROYERS IN THE TASK FORCE HURL TONS OF SHELLS AT THE JAP BASE ON MALOELAP ISLAND--

--AND TORPEDO PLANES FOLLOW THE DIVE BOMBERS TO KWAJALEIN WITH THEIR PONDEROUS WEAPONS.



THE TORPEDOES STRIKE HOME, FINISHING OFF THE JOB WITH TREMENDOUS EXPLOSIONS.

THE SQUADRON RETURNS, TO GET MORE FUEL, BOMBS AND AMMUNITION--



BUT DICKINSON IS GROUNDED WHILE HIS PLANE UNDERGOES MINOR REPAIRS --



ITHE CARRIER'S GUN CREWS COMMENCE FIRING --



--AND DICKINSON SEES THE RESULTS FROM BELOW.



SUDDENLY HE REALIZES THAT BOMBS ARE FALLING! THE OTHER PILOTS HAVE HIT THE DECK --



BUT A MECHANIC NAMED GAIKO HAS OTHER IDEAS --

GAIDO CLIMBS IN A PLANE AND FIRES INTO THE JAP'S FACE... THE BOMBER CRASHES INTO THE SEA, KNOCKING OFF THE TAIL OF THE PARKED SHIP --



■ TWO OF THE ORIGINAL SIX JAP BOMBERS RETURN FOR ANOTHER TRY, BUT FROM A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE --



FIGHTER FROM THE CARRIER KNOCKS ONE
OF THE ENEMY INTO THE SEA --



IMPUDENT BROADCASTS FROM TOKYO HAVE ASKED: "WHERE'S THE AMERICAN NAVY?" WELL, THE JAPS IN THE MARSHALL ISLANDS COULD ANSWER THAT-- THOSE WHO SURVIVED-- SO PEARL HARBOR CHEERS THE AVENGERS AS THEY STEAM INTO THE HOME PORT--

OUR CARRIER PILOTS WERE ON TAP AT WAKE AND MARCUS. TOO-- LT. DICKINSON'S SQUADRON PLUNGES INTO THESE BATTLES IN THE NEXT BLUE BOLT

FEARLESS FELLERS



NOW, DEAR OLD SANTA DOES
LOVE CHILDREN --- BUT HIS
PATIENCE REACHES A VERY
LOW EBB AS HE STRUGGLES
TO BRING A MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO THE FEARLESS FELLERS
CLUB!

BY RAY GILL AND HENRY KIEFER.

SCENE: PUDGE'S HOUSE.
TIME: THE DAY BEFORE
CHRISTMAS.

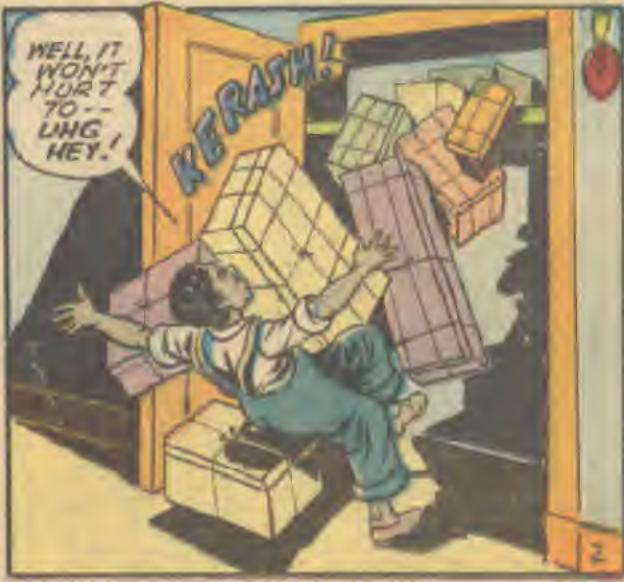


THEY'RE PROBABLY
OVER AT
CHUCK'S!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER
AS MR. AND MRS. CLAYTON
PREPARE TO LEAVE AGAIN...







THE FEARLESS FELLERS CLUB
HIDES THE TRACES OF ITS
FORAY THEN...



GOD-- PUDGE--
WITH ALL THOSE
PRESENTS WE
OUGHT TO FILL
SOME SOCKS FOR
YOUR PARENTS!

THAT'S A
NICE
IDEA!



I'LL BRING
A PAIR OF
MINE OVER
WITH ME...



BRIGHT AND EARLY ON
CHRISTMAS MORNING!

MERRY
CHRISTMAS!

WHY-- OH,
MY BEST...
EEK!



BUT MY ONLY
NYLONS -- I'VE
BEEN KEEPING
THEM FOR
SPECIAL OCCASIONS!



NO, I DON'T IMAGINE
THEY DID -- AND THIS IS
CHRISTMAS, LOOK,
BOYS -- HERE!

GOLLY!

OH, NO, BOYS. THOSE
AREN'T FOR YOU!
I PROMISED THE
WOMAN'S CLUB YOU'D
DELIVER THEM TO THE
POOR
KIDDIES,
LATER!



YOU DON'T MIND,
DO YOU?





Sergeant Spook



GILL JORDAN

OUR STORY OPENS IN THE TOY DEPARTMENT OF A LARGE STORE.

IT'S GOOD TO SEE THE HAPPY EXPRESSIONS ON THOSE KIDS' FACES! YOU BET--- ESPECIALLY SINCE THEY'RE ORPHANS!

SAY... WHAT'S THIS? THOSE KIDS ARE DISAPPOINTED!

RIGHT!

I'M GONNA HAVE A LOOK!

JERRY ENTERS WELL FOR SANTALAND... SPOOK!

C'MERE QUICK! THE KIDS ARE BEING GYPPED!





WELL... I DON'T KNOW HOW THIS COULD HAVE HAPPENED... BUT IT CERTAINLY SOLVES EVERYTHING! I MUST CALL OUR TOY BUYER RIGHT AWAY!



HELLO, JOE?... LISTEN... WE'VE GOT A LIVE SANTA! YOU CAN GO TO WORK RIGHT AWAY!



I DIDN'T HIRE ONE - OUR DUMMY JUST CAME TO LIFE SOMEHOW!

I DON'T GET IT, FIGGY - BUT ANY STORE WITH A LIVE SANTA CAN GET FAST DELIVERIES... SEE YOU IN AN HOUR!



ISN'T IT WONDERFUL? JOE SAYS WE'LL GET A BIG SHIPMENT OF TOYS RIGHT AWAY!



MEANWHILE... ACROSS THE STREET IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE OF THE MART DEPARTMENT STORE...

MAK! LOOK! THE BAZAAR'S GETTING A BIG SHIPMENT OF TOYS!

NO KIDDIN', BOSS!



BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THEY HAVE A DUMMY SANTA, TOO!

DO SOMETHING!... ANYTHING! OR THE MART WILL HAVE A DUMMY BUYER!



YOU MEAN I SHOULD GO OVER AND TAKE THE STUFF?

WHY NOT? LISTEN! ---



-- FIGBOTTOM AND I HAVE BEEN RIVALS FOR YEARS -- WE'LL BORROW THIS SHIPMENT, SELL IT AT A HIGH PRICE -- AND AFTER CHRISTMAS WE'LL PAY HIM THE WHOLESALE PRICE HE PAID FOR IT!

SOUNDS FAIR TO ME, BOSS! I'LL DO IT!



MEANWHILE --- CLOSING TIME AT BAZAAR ---

OH, ER, LEAVING SO SOON, MY BOY?

SURE, IT'S CLOSING TIME, ISN'T IT?

EMPLOYEE?



LOOK, SONNY, I'LL PAY YOU TO STAY HERE UNTIL THE STORE CLOSES ON CHRISTMAS EVE, OKAY?

OH BOY! YOU BET!



WHY DID YOU HAN! DO THAT, JONES, BOSS? ACROSS THE STREET, WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE A LIVE SANTA THIS YEAR! I'M JUST PLAYING SAFE!



ON TOYLAND --- MUCH LATER ---

GOSH IT'S LONESOME HERE! HOW'S ABOUT NOT! PLAYING WITH SOME OF THIS STUFF, SPOOK?

LET'S GO!



AND A FEW HOURS LATER STILL ---

WELL (YAWN) GUESS WE'VE TRIED JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING ---

YEAH! I --- SHH!



WHAT'S UP? MICE?

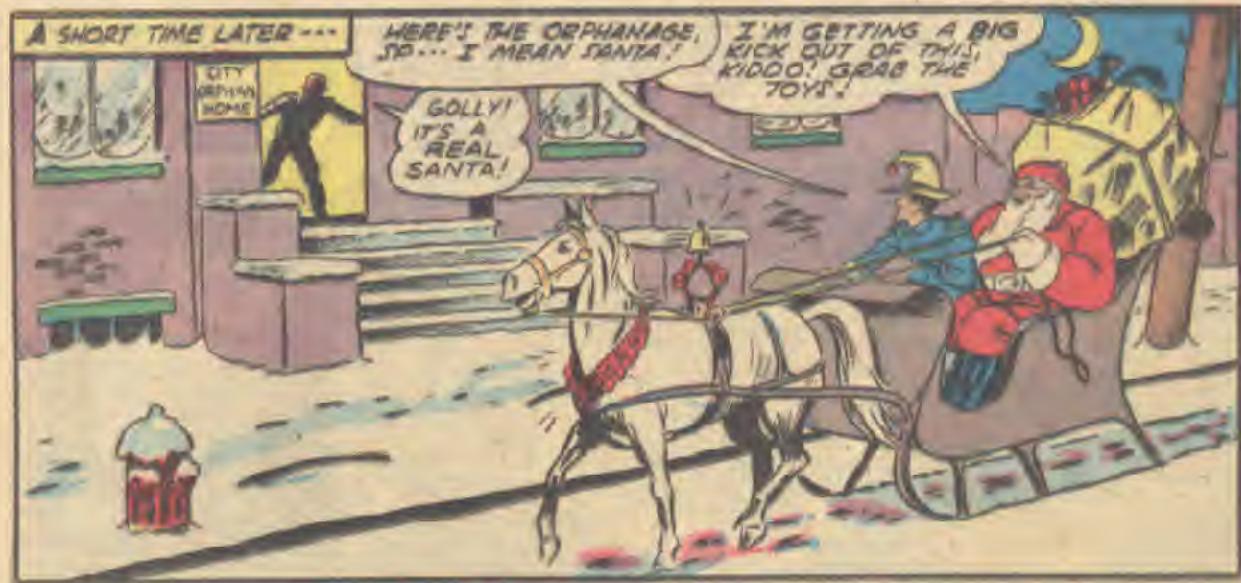
THOUGHT I HEARD A TUSCLE --- SOUNDS MORE LIKE RATS! COME ON!

GAMES P25









OLD CAP HAWKINS TRUE TALES

WHEN THE U.S.
ARMY AIR FORCES
HAVE A TOUGH
JOB TO DO, MY-
BOY, THEY DE-
PEND ON THE
B-25 TWIN-
MOTOR BOMBER
-- THE ONE THEY
CALL THE BILLY
MITCHEL!

FRED BELL

JIMMY DOOLITTLE WAS GIVEN THE
ASSIGNMENT TO BOMB TOKYO ---

JIMMY, YOU CAN HAVE ALL
THE MEN, ALL THE
PLANES, ANYTHING YOU
WANT ---

EVERY MAN
IN THE AIR
FORCE WILL
VOLUNTEER FOR
THIS JOB -- AS FOR
PLANES, THERE'S
ONLY ONE THAT
CAN DO IT --
GIVE ME MITCHELLS!



WELL, BOYS, MIGHT AS WELL
LET YOU IN ON THE
SECRET NOW-- WE'RE
DOWN HERE TO TRAIN
FOR A RAID ON TOKYO!



FIRST THE ARMED PILOTS, WHO HAD
NO EXPERIENCE IN TAKING
OFF FROM A CARRIER, HAD
TO LEARN TO TAKE-OFF
INSIDE 800 FEET ---



STUDYING MAPS OF JAPAN
WAS ALSO PART OF THEIR
TRAINING ---



MEANWHILE, EXTRA GAS TANKS WERE
BEING INSTALLED FOR THE LONG
HOP!



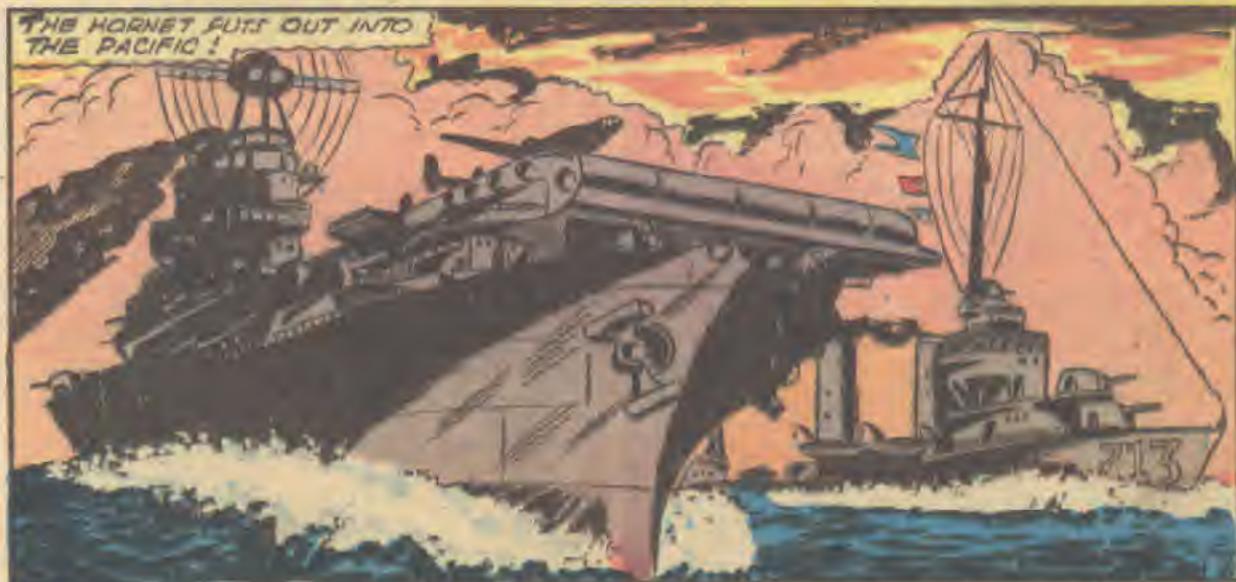
FINALLY AT A PORT, 16
MITCHELLS WERE LOADED
ONTO THE CARRIER, HORNET.



GOSH-- THERE'S EVEN LESS
ROOM FOR A TAKE-OFF
THAN WE PLANNED!



THE HORNET PUTS OUT INTO
THE PACIFIC!



DURING THE ENTIRE TRIP, THE ARMY Fliers CONTINUE TO TRAIN...



AND THE GUNNERS SHARPEN THEIR AIM FOR THE JAPS!



WELL, JIMMY, WE'RE 800 MILES OUT - WE'VE DUCKED TWO OF THEIR SHIPS ALREADY. DO YOU STILL WANT TO GET WITHIN 400 MILES?

IF WE CAN, ADMIRAL --



JAPANESE TRAWLER OFF PORT BOW, SIR!



WELL, WE GOT IT!

YES, BUT THEY MIGHT'VE HAD TIME TO RADIO AHEAD - I GUESS WE START NOW!



A TOUGH BREAK BOYS -- THAT SHIP MIGHT HAVE TIPPED TOKYO OFF -- WE CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE! LET'S GO!



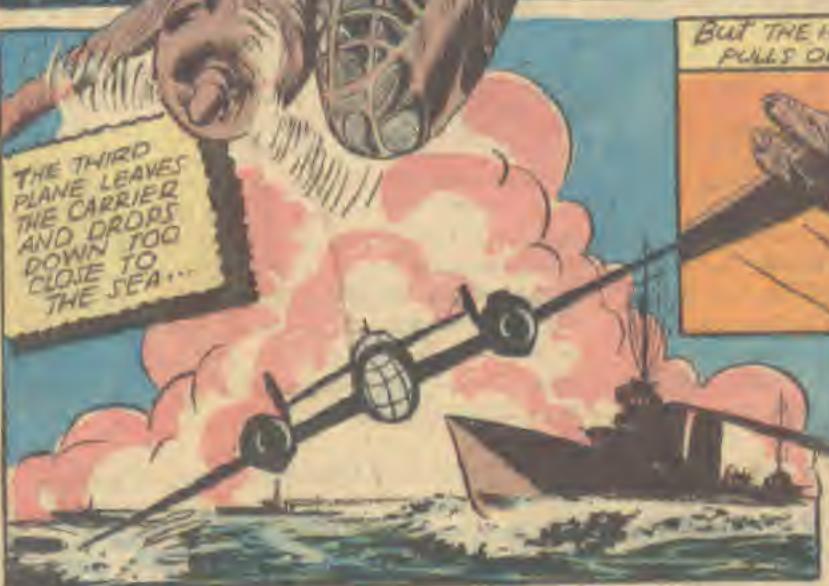
IT'S UP TO THE MITCHELLS NOW.

HERE WE COME, TOJO!

SEE YOU IN CHINA -- GIVE 'EM ONE FOR PEARL HARBOR!



Doolittle himself, is the first one off...



BUT THE HARDY MITCHELL BOMBER PULLS OUT --



FINALLY ALL 16 PLANES GET OFF AND HEAD FOR TOKYO...



AND, OVER THE JAPANESE CAPITOL CITY ...



FAST AWAY FROM TRIPOLI

IT WAS nearly ten o'clock on the night of February 16th, 1804.

Commodore Preble ran his bony fingers across his chin in the characteristic gesture his men knew so well. His keen eyes bored into those of the young lieutenant standing respectfully before him. "I hope you realize, Mr. Decatur, the danger involved in what you are going to do tonight?"

Young Stephen Decatur's dark eyes gleamed in the moonlight radiance of the Mediterranean. His dark hair shone handsomely. "Danger must not stop us, sir. As long as the Tripolitan pirates keep our captured 'Philadelphia' anchored across the mouth of the harbor, you can't get our fleet into range to reduce their shore batteries. Until we do that, our merchant ships will remain at their mercy and will have to pay tribute to pass these waters."

Decatur grinned. "If my men and I can board and set fire to the Philadelphia and sink her in the harbor, we can get within range of their shore batteries and reduce them, and if we sink the Philadelphia across the harbor mouth, the Tripolitan brig can't get out to attack us."

Commodore Preble shook his head. "Rare danger, lad! You'll never come back alive, you and your men! The 'Mastico' has only four guns. You will never get close enough to the Philadelphia to board her, let alone set her afire. Why not take your own ship, the 'Enterprise'? She is a stout fighter with twelve guns."

Decatur smiled as he glanced the length of his ship, captured recently from the Tripolitans themselves. "She has only four guns, that's true, but she also has four masts and Mediterranean rigging. I figure we will be able to get very close to the Philadelphia before the pirates will know we are not friends, but enemies. And this is no longer the 'Mastico,' sir. We have christened her the 'Intrepid'."

The lieutenant's eyes were eager. "Please, sir, Captain Bainbridge of the Philadelphia was my friend. Since his capture he and his crew have been put to slave labor by the pirates. We must reduce Tripoli and free Captain Bainbridge and his crew. Sinking the Philadelphia across the harbor mouth will help us to do that."

Commodore Preble smiled as he held out his hand. "If you succeed, my boy, remember that the Constitution, three brigs, three schooners,

six gunboats and two bomb vessels will be close by. We'll soon silence the pirate shore batteries and reduce Tripoli to ruins. You have my best wishes."

DECATUR freed his sword in its scabbard and looked to his pistols. Then he strode silently down the deck, giving orders to his men to get the Intrepid under way toward the harbor of Tripoli. "Short sails," he whispered to the mate. "Keep your heads below the rail," he whispered to others. "No one must suspect that we are anything but what we seem—a pirate brig limping home to roost."

He grinned at a stalwart figure near the port rail. "Reuben James," he said, "you're always on the bow when we attack. Never toward the stern!"

James sounded like a schoolboy caught in a cookie jar. "Fighting comes first to the bow, sir." His eager eyes scanned the lazy sea in the brilliant moonlight. His lips moved almost soundlessly. "We're almost there, sir. I can see the Philadelphia moored across the harbor mouth. There are lots of lights. I can hear singing and shouting and laughing."

Decatur's lips parted in a brief smile. "Pray the Lord the pirates are carousing and will not keep too keen a watch. No noise from us, men, until we can board the Philadelphia. Ten lashes for the man who disobeys my orders."

Reuben James knelt by the rail, his sword under him. "The men will follow you anywhere, sir. They worship you."

A TRIPOLITAN voice boomed out over the still water from the direction of the Philadelphia, bristling with guns: "Ahoy, there! Whither away?"

Decatur dashed to the side of the Maltese pilot of the Intrepid. "Call back to him, Catalano, and tell him that we are the 'Mastico'—four guns—aiming to anchor in the harbor for repairs. Ask him if we can moor alongside."

Catalano's heavy voice boomed out over the calm waters: "This is the Mastico—four guns—needing repairs. We would like to moor alongside!"

All the while the Intrepid was bearing down on the Philadelphia. Its guns looked like the eyes of monsters glaring from her sides. Decatur knew that at any moment they might belch out fire and flame and destruction.

Decatur barked softly to the pilot: "A little to port, Catalano! Ease her alongside." The Intrepid turned easily to the port, and her sleek hull slid over the water like lard on a skillet. The only sound was the roisterous, noisy bellow

of singing below decks on the Philadelphia, where the unsuspecting pirates were celebrating.

The hulls touched. A soft, thudding bump. A Tripolitan voice cursed roundly by his ship's port rail and his warning bellow echoed over the waves. "Mastico! No! It is manned by American dogs! Awake! Awake! Awake! We're being boarded!"

His voice died in his throat as Stephen Decatur leaped across the rails and fired his pistol. His stalwart figure dominated both ships and he roared at his men. "Board her, men! No quarter asked or given! Board her!"

Decatur shouted at his men: "James, you and your men follow me! The others will set their combustibles! On my signal you will apply your torches! I'll give you twenty minutes!"

The pirate crew came swarming up from below decks to see what was going on. Decatur and Reuben James and the other Americans met them at the hatchway and knocked and kicked them into the sea over the port rail. Few shots were fired but they could hear a startled yelling begin on shore and in the sea where they had kicked the drunken pirate crew of the Philadelphia.

At Decatur's orders other American tars raced below and set combustibles in the famous old ship's hold. In ten minutes they reported back to the lieutenant. "All combustibles are ready to fire, sir."

Decatur's keen eyes swept toward the shore, where frenzied activity was springing up around the shore batteries. He shouted at his men: "Apply the torches and get back to the Intrepid!"

Reuben James came running up. "There's a light flashing from the shore batteries, sir! Some sort of a signal. Those pirates probably suspect something is wrong. We'll soon have shot raining on us from a hundred cannon."

A livid glare of flame gushed from the forward cabin as a sailor applied a torch to oil-soaked bedding. The wheelhouse flared next and then the forward hatch belched a yellow pillar of fire and smoke fifty feet high.

The lieutenant roared: "Back to the Intrepid!" He leaped to the rail and then across the deck of the Intrepid. His men followed suit, cutting the temporary lashings with their whistling cutlasses.

Decatur roared at Catalano, "Fest away!" The mate yelled, "Heavy jib there! The shore batteries are opening up!"

THE lieutenant's eyes gleamed as cannon roared from the shore. They were clear of the Philadelphia now, and they stood out in

bold relief against the flaming bulk of the bigger ship. The pirates had a clear view of them now. But Decatur did not care. He ordered his men to fire a broadside into the flaming Philadelphia.

The Intrepid's brace of starboard guns roared with a flash of flame and the Philadelphia sagged amidships as the heavy balls tore into her burning timbers. The Philadelphia, once a proud vessel of the United States Navy, listed badly to port, flames cooking the sea as she started to settle, and with a great cloud of steam issuing from her, she settled slowly. She wobbled then, from bow to stern, and almost disappeared from sight, only the tip of her mainmast sticking up from the surface of the sea.

Now the pirate brigs locked in the harbor by the sunken Philadelphia could not pursue the Intrepid, though they could see her plainly and they cut loose with all their guns. But the Intrepid was now racing under full sail. The pirate fleet could not follow her, and the shore batteries were soon out of effective range.

LIEUTENANT Stephen Decatur and the Enterprise rejoined Commodore Preble and the remainder of the U. S. fleet, with the assurance that Tripoli was now wide open for attack, and the pirate fleet was bottled up in the harbor. Now Captain Bainbridge and his men could be freed. And in the affair Lieutenant Decatur did not lose a man out of a crew of eighty-five, and only one man was wounded.

THE flagship Constitution was gay with flags. Tripoli had fallen. Captain Bainbridge and his crew had been rescued from the pirates, and pirate strength in the Mediterranean had been broken forever. No longer would American merchant ships have to pay tribute to ply those waters in commerce.

On the deck a band played. The young lieutenant, Stephen Decatur, stood handsomely at attention while his commander read from a paper bedecked with ribbons and gold seal:

"For bravery and courage beyond the call of duty and for his exploits in bringing about the fall of Tripoli, Lieutenant Stephen Decatur is hereby commissioned a Captain in the United States Navy."

(Signed) Thomas Jefferson,
President of the United States.

Sources:

Lerend's History of the United States
Dictionary of American Biographies

THE END.

EDISON BELL

WELL, HELLO -- I CAN'T REFUSE
SUCH A GOOD CAUSE, EDDIE --
HERE, HOLD THESE BUNDLES!

GIVE YOUR
DOUGH
FOR THE
U.S.O.

EDDIE AND JERRY ARE TAKING UP
A COLLECTION FOR A CHRISTMAS
PARTY TO BE GIVEN THE SOLDIERS
FROM A NEAR-BY CAMP --
ALL THE KIDS IN TOWN ARE
HELPING, AND THERE IS A WAR
BOND PRIZE TO THE BOY WHO
CAN COLLECT THE GREATEST
AMOUNT! EDDIE AND JERRY
ARE HARD AT WORK

BY PAUL
HAROLD DELAY

HERE'S A TEN SPOT AND,
THERE'S ANOTHER JUST LIKE
IT, IF YOU BOYS FEEL LIKE
EARNING IT!

GOSH -- THANKS!
SURE, WE'LL
WORK! WHAT
DO YOU WANT
US TO DO?

HOP IN -- I'LL TELL YOU ON
THE WAY UP!

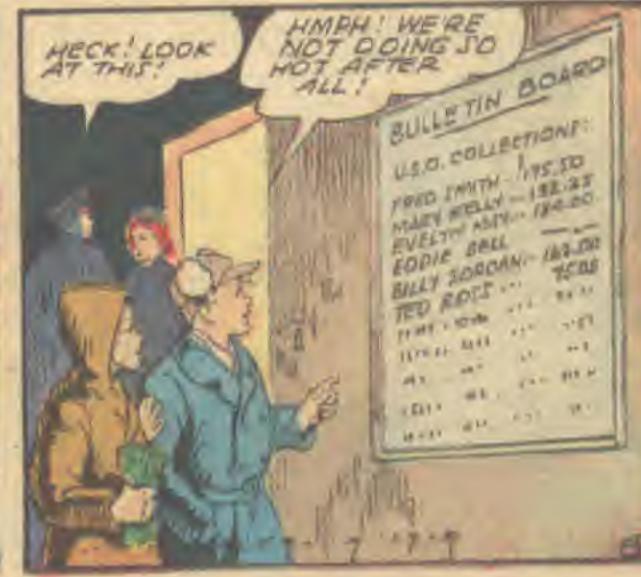
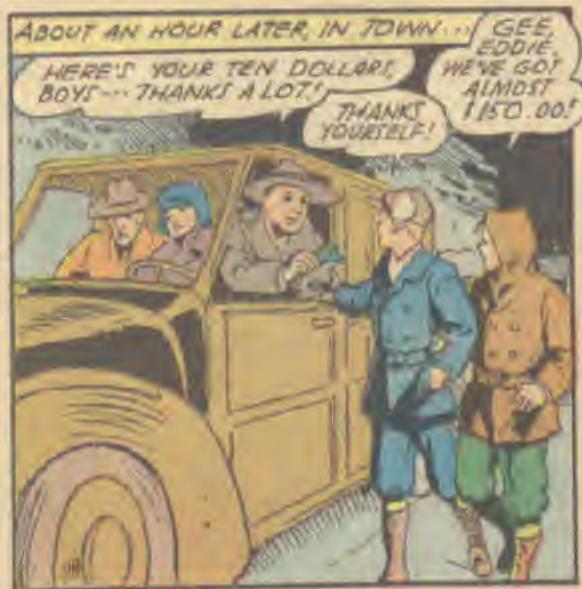
SURE THING!
COME ON,
JERRY!

NOW -- BECAUSE OF THE
CHRISTMAS TREE SHORTAGE,
I EXPECT THAT A LOT OF
NORMALLY PATRIOTIC PEOPLE
WILL BE CUTTING DOWN WILD
FIRS -- I WANT YOU BOYS
TO HELP ME TO STOP THEM!













DON'T MISS THE SWELL SUBSTITUTE CHRISTMAS TREE OF EDDIE'S ON THE NEXT PAGE -- HE AND THE RANGER WORKED IT OUT TOGETHER! SEE YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE -- UNTIL THEN, HAVE A HAPPY HOLIDAY!

VICTORY XMAS TREE

By Gill

AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW... XMAS TREES WILL BE EVEN HARDER TO GET THIS YEAR THAN THEY WERE LAST YEAR. WHAT WITH LACK OF MANPOWER AND CONSERVATION, EDDIE OFFERS THIS UNIQUE SOLUTION ...

VICTORY TREE TRUNK IS FOUR LENGTHS OF HEAVY QUARTER-ROUND MOULDING NAILED IN PLACE.

CUT FOUR SECTIONS OF VICTORY TREE AT SAME TIME WITH JIG OR SCROLL SAW.



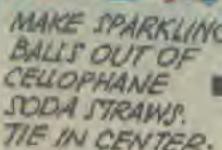
The VICTORY TREE IS CONSTRUCTED OUT OF WIDE SECTIONS OF PLYWOOD, BEAVERBOARD OR ANY OTHER HANDY, SUITABLE MATERIAL. PAINT THE TREE GREEN... THE TRUNK BROWN... AND DECORATE IT AS YOU WOULD ANY XMAS TREE!

A BEAUTIFUL, WINTERY EFFECT CAN BE GAINED BY GLUING WADS OF COTTON TO ALL TOP SURFACES...

SUBSTITUTE ORNAMENTS YOU CAN MAKE...



STRING POPCORN WITH NEEDLE AND THREAD. POP CORN MAY BE COLORED WITH VEGETABLE DYE FOR EFFECT.



MAKE SPARKLING BALLS OUT OF CELLOPHANE SODA STRAWS. TIE IN CENTER.



MAKE CORK AND PIPE CLEANER SANTA-CLOWNS, DANCERS, ETC. PAINT WITH FINGER NAIL POLISH. USE TUFTS OF COTTON FOR FUR, WHISKERS.

Merry Xmas

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



TRAPPED BY THE NAZIS
ON CRETE! SURROUNDED
ON ALL SIDES BY THE ENEMY,
BLUE BOLT DARES TO ATTEMPT
AN ESCAPE --- HIS CHANCES,
ONE IN A THOUSAND ...

by
DAN
BARRY
and
JOHN GIUNTA

STORY BY
EDWARD KATIAN

BLUE BOLT, SHOT DOWN OVER CRETE, HAS
JOINED FORCES WITH THE BRITISH AND
GREEK GUERRILLAS ...

SAY! THAT'S
GREAT NEWS!

SO ... THE ALLIED
INVASION IS WELL
UNDER WAY! THAT
WAS PRETTY FAST
WORK!

AND LATER ... (YOU KNOW, BLUE) WITH ALL THE
BOLT, WITH THE NAZIS ACTION GOING
WORRIED ABOUT AN
INVASION - THINK WE ON EVERY PLACE
COULD TRY TO MAKE A BUT HERE, I'M
RUN FOR IT?" ALL FOR IT! CAN
I GET A BOAT?

















KRISKO and JASPER

ABOUT FACE!!
BLANKETY-BLANK
WHAT IS THE MATTER
WITH YOU TWO - ??
HAVEN'T YOU AT
LEAST ONE OUNCE
OF BRAINS IN THOSE
THICK SKULLS?
WAKE UP!
YOU'RE IN THE
SEA BEES NOW!

AH QUIT YOUR
GRIDIN'! YOU
ALWAYS WANTED
TO JOIN TH' NAVY!

YEH--
WE'RE
STUNG AGAIN!

ENSIGN
JOANNIE V.
IS HAVING
A PRIVATE
HEADACHE
WITH THESE
TWO
"BOOTS"

JACK A.
WARRIOR

ENSIGN, HAVE YOUR
MEN READY TO
DISEMBARK WITHIN
TWO HOURS.

YES, SIR!

ONE THING MORE - THOSE TWO SEA
TRAMP FRIENDS OF YOUR DAD'S --
AHEM -- GIVE THEM A SPECIAL
DETAIL -- SOMETHING HARD --
UNDERSTAND?

YES, SIR! I THINK I
UNDERSTAND, SIR!

OH, OH!
LET ME
WALK

HAVE EVERY SIXTH MAN
FALL OUT FOR SPECIAL
DETAIL --!

ONE TWO

SIX! OH-OH -- I'VE
GOTTA GIT ME
A IDEA QUICK!





STOW YOUR GEAR, ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES AND BEND YOUR BACKS. YOU GO ASHORE WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED!



AFTER YOU UNLOAD THESE BOXES, REPORT TO ME - GET BUSY. NOW!!

IF N IT WASN'T FOR THEM GOLD STRIPES, I'D BOP HIM ONE!



IF N YOU'D STAYED PUT IN YOUR PLACE, NUMBER SIX, WHEN WE COUNTED OFF, I'D BE ASHORE NOW -- WELL LE'S GET BUSY!



UMPH! PUFF - PUFF!! THIS IS TOO HEAVY WORK FOR ME - I'VE GOTTA GET ME A IDEA --



OO - GOSH I DROPPED IT -- IF N THAT ENSIGN COMES BACK --

CRASH!



HEY, JASPER - COMMERE - LOOK! I'VE GOT US A IDEA --

IT BETTER BE GOOD - OR ELSE!



DROP YOUR BOX AND SPILL OUT TH' AMMUNITION --

?

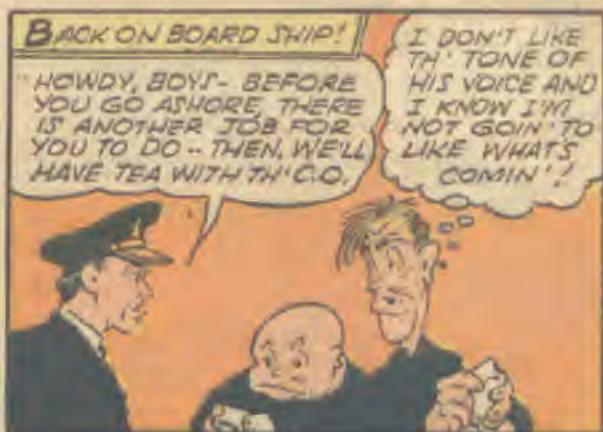


THAT MAKES THE BOXES LIGHTER TO CARRY -- WE'LL DO 'EM ALL THAT WAY - THEN COVER THE EMPTIED AMMUNITION OVER WITH THIS CANVAS -- NO - ONE WILL EVER KNOW!

I DON'T KNOW 'BOUT THIS!







FREE
*with your
order...*



Foot stirrups, important for foot and leg development, FREE with order. Permits intensive overhead workouts to develop a mighty force.

short
dewel-
with
In-
and
D-

now GET BURSTING STRENGTH *fast!*

Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. You must be STRONG to get ahead - get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and barbell combination.

Get Bursting Strength Quickly

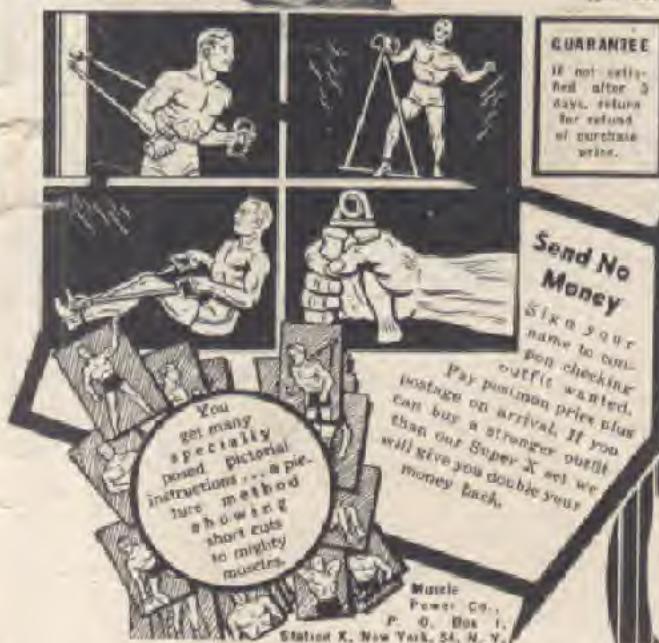
If you are a weakling or boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit just what you need. Contains dozens of individual features, all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet actual resistance of your strength and to increase power progressively as you build mighty muscles. Men who have reached the top in strong-man feats acclaim this progressive chest pull and bar bell combination. It contains a new kind of progressive chest pull. Not rubber which wears out but strong tension springs. These springs are adjustable so that you may use low strength until you get stronger and terrific pulling resistance.

Don't be bunked! Don't let anyone tell you that you can put inches on or build any part of your body by tanning the air.



We not only furnish you with equipment, we also supply specially prepared pictorial charts which guide you day by day.

ance when you are muscular. Included is a specially invented bar bell hook-up. This bar bell outfit permits you to do all kinds of bar bell workouts . . . to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of your legs, chest, arms so you build as you train. There is a wall exerciser hook-up enabling you to do bending and stretching exercises. You also have features of a rowing machine. Hand grips help develop a mighty grip. Pictorial and printed instructions enable you to get stronger day by day.



New PROGRESSIVE CHEST PULL & BAR BELL COMBINATION

MUSCLE POWER CO., Dept. 7611
P. O. Box 1, Station E, New York, N. Y.

Send me the outfit checked below on five days' approval. Also enclose special pictorial and printed instructions. I will deposit amount of set plus postage in accordance with your guarantee. Enclose the shipping fees with my order.

Send regular strength chest pull and bar bell combination. Set \$5.95
Send Super strength set at \$6.95
Send cash with order and we pay postage. Same guaranteed.

Name _____

Address.

ISPECIALS If you are aboard ship or outside of U.S.A. send money order in American Funds at prices listed above plus 60c.

The RAIDER

MACHINE GUN

BANG BANG!

CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!

Plenty of noise—plenty of fun—with this BIG gun, operates on a swivel or dismounted, like army guns. Sell only one order Xmas packs

COMPLETE CHEMISTRY

Set—Famous Chem craft Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 mysterious Chemistry exhibitions. Sell only one order.



Touchdown!

GENUINE LEATHER FOOTBALL

—Official size
Tough, sturdy—a swell prize for selling only one order

GIVEN

5 CLOTH BOUND BOOKS—Over 200 pages each. Choose any five from 24 thrilling stories for boys, girls and all the family—all 5 given for selling only one order.



OTHER PRIZES FOR YOU

Given or explained in our BIG PRIZE SHEET
Electric Football Game
War Games
Army Suit
"Old Spice" Toilet Kit
Gone Astray Guitar
Full-size Violin
Perfume Lamp
Ice Skates
Boxing Gloves
Other prizes for boys and girls, and gifts for Mother, too.



CANDID-TYPE
CAMERA
GIVEN—This
Time Camera
takes 16 pic-
tures on each
roll of film—
easy to operate. Sell only
one order



U.S. ARMY OUTFIT

A snappy
officer's
belt and
cap outfit
with an automatic-
type pistol and hol-
ster. Given for selling
only one order.



Full size, wooden
hawaiian ukulele
decorated with
hawaiian scene
Instruction sheet FREE
Sell only one order



Pretty 5 Piece Toilet Set

Full size comb
brush, mirror,
perfume bottle
and powder
jar. Given for
selling only one
order



PRE-FLIGHT TRAINING
SET—Exactly like regular
airplane cockpit—
every instru-
ment moves.
Gun sight and
canon trigger
too. This complete
outfit for selling
only one order



GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. All prizes shown above and many others in our BIG PRIZE SHEET are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 10 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in BIG PRIZE SHEET.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each pack contains 2 Beautiful Xmas Cards, 2 Envelopes and 24 sparkling Xmas Seals. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Sheet.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Sheet—tell us what prize you want. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. C-93, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 10 Xmas Packs. I will sell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____
Street Address
or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. C-93, Lancaster, Pa.